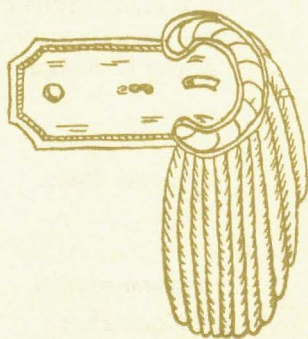
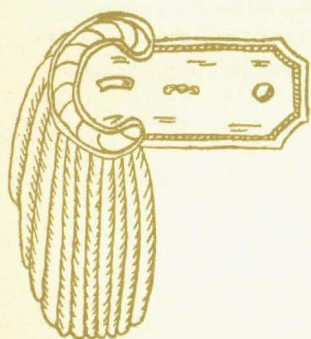


The EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*



The EPAULET

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under the Guidance of The Modern Portias

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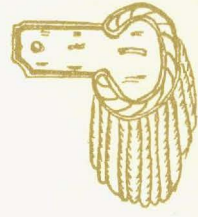
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CONTENTS



	PAGE
Mother, <i>Beulah Spain</i>	4
A Message From the Co-Editors	5
Lonesome Heart, <i>Ella Hastings Banford</i>	6
Graduating Gracefully, <i>Helen Sampson</i>	7
Come Another May, <i>Katharine Nutt</i>	9
The Shower of Blessings, <i>Betty Collins</i>	10
Convocation Address, <i>Dice Robins Anderson</i>	11
Deception, <i>Ella Hastings Banford</i>	16
All Out For . . . , <i>Fay Fletcher and Betty Collins</i>	17
"For Country and For God," <i>Nancy Claire Watkins</i>	19
When I Was Very Small, <i>Ella Hastings Banford</i>	21
At Eventide, <i>Albertina Christian</i>	22
Assurance, <i>Lois E. Haines</i>	22
At Last I Am a Working Girl, <i>Rose Orts Gonzalez</i>	23
Japan Considers War Necessary, <i>Jean Applegate</i>	25
To The Seniors, <i>Rose Orts Gonzalez</i>	26
The Importance of Being Consistent, <i>Lois E. Haines</i>	27
Air Raid, <i>Molly McKear</i>	28
Dear Mother, <i>Beulah Spain</i>	29

Mother

By

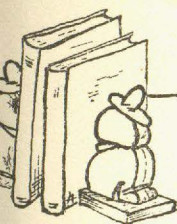
BEULAH SPAIN

When I think of lovely things,
Of flowers, trees, birds, spring,
Then is when I think of you—
My Mother.

I see a sunset in the sky,
Or watch a firefly flicker by;
Then is when I think of you—
My Mother.

A beautiful song thru the air is sent,
A heart in solemn prayer bent,
Then is when I think of you—
My Mother.

Sweetness, kindness, love, care,
All the beautiful things are there
Embodied in the immortal one,
My Mother—the immortal one.



A Message From The Co-Editors

THIS MAY marks the Commencement not only for the Senior Class, but also for THE EPAULET. It, too, is making a new step in its development. Great plans are in store for our magazine next year.

Soon the campus is to hear of our "EPAULET WEEK." During that week we will present posters, radio programs, short entertainments, and finally our subscription drive for next year.

Subscription blanks will be made available to everyone at various places on the campus so that you might sign for your next year's EPAULET. Though you sign for your magazine this spring, your subscription fee will not be due until next September. For you who are graduating this June, THE EPAULET has a plan for you, too. With a small additional fee the staff will mail you each quarter your magazine. It will still be *your* magazine, for alumnae are asked to write also.

Here's more good news! While the price of everything else is rising, the subscription fee for your EPAULET is not to be increased.

THE EPAULET appeared two years ago because some persons "on the Hill" realized the need for a literary publication in which Mary Washington girls would have the opportunity for self-expression. This is the ideal upon which THE EPAULET continues to build. The more who write the better magazine we will have.

Lonesome Heart

By

ELLA HASTINGS BANFORD

The fire is glowing on the hearth—
It is ready for you if you should come back!
Your pipe is on the table near your chair
And the book you were reading is here on the rack.

Trix is purring again, lazy little thing—
She's waiting to curl up at your feet.
The wind is kissing the chimney-top
And against the windows raindrops beat.

The fire casts light around the room—
It, too, is looking for your face.
But the shadow on the wall is that
Of an empty chair and a lonesome fireplace.

The night is so lonely and dark since you left,
But I've learned to be brave since then. . . .
Oh, darling, won't you come back just for a little,
And show me how to live again?

Graduating Gracefully

By

HELEN SAMPSON

NOW that a number of us have heaved sighs of relief and said, "I guess I have enough credits," or "It looks like he's going to pass me in Civ," it's time to think of graduating. And comes a thought—how do you go about graduating anyway? Well . . .

In the first place, don't let a little weather bother you. Who cares if the temperature is a hundred in the shade? What's a little heat? Nothing to get all bothered about. Of course, it means that those old gowns will weigh tons and feel like a neat little electric heater, but who cares? And you'll sit up in the auditorium with delightful streams of perspiration trickling down your faces, but why should it upset you? A good portion of dry ice will help—if you can find any dry ice. Otherwise, you'll just have to sit there and take it like a man. Whoops! Guess that was slightly in the wrong gender.

In the second place, never get into line until absolutely the last minute. It adds a touch of suspense to the whole affair. It sets your friends to frantically running around to find you—to worrying about just where you might have gone—to wondering if you absent-mindedly have forgotten the whole thing. By the time you are finally located, the whole line will be a nervous wreck, very limp and disgusted, very shiny as to nose and wilted as to curly locks. This starts the procession off for a nice calm entrance.

Once you get ready to start down the aisle, settle your gown, rumple your hair, set your cap firmly on your head, and get a good grip on yourself—if you don't, you'll probably be a little disconcerted when your hands get lost in the sleeves of your gown, your hair works down inside your collar, you get out of step, and your too-big cap falls down on your nose or, worse yet, on to the back of your head. All this will doubtless happen about halfway down the aisle—but smile sweetly, imagine yourself as a "sweet" graduate, and finish out the long trek with as much poise as you have left by this time. Don't worry about trying to see your parents—they won't be able to find you, either, 'cause you'll look just like all the other one hundred and sixty.

By the time you travel down that practically endless expanse of aisle, you'll be more than ready for that seat reserved for you. Seat yourself with as little fluttering of draperies as possible and settle yourself. Don't hesitate to pay attention—it's probably the last time you'll ever be so important—that is, unless you are one of the fortunate damsels who won't be an old maid. Pay no attention to either of your next-door neighbors except to smile at them once in a while. Concentrate on getting that diploma—you'll be in a bad way if you miss that part of the program!

When your name is called, get up, grab your little hard-earned sheepskin

and get out of the way before they decide it's all a big mistake and try to take it back. Swallow your tears and concentrate on making a successful trip back up that aisle. Once you get there, join the general hub-bub issuing from the mass of black-gowned figures—but take off your cap before something disastrous happens to it in the confusion. Explain to everybody your reactions to the situation—don't bother if they don't answer back—they'll probably be doing some explaining along similar lines. Start working your way toward a door for the purpose of getting a little less hot air. After you've all worked your way out, group together again just like you were before, no ventilation

and all! Stay there and chatter excitedly until some of your family comes and drags you away. Go reluctantly, talking back to the group as you go. Get pushed over to a family group and begin the same old line all over again.

Calm down gradually, pack up, start for home, and wonder why in the world some people get so excited over graduation anyway. Start thinking about the cold, cruel world and how you're going to set it on fire. Simmer down to normal and it will be a week before you realize that you're actually out on your own. By that time, you'll have some man in tow and who'll care about a graduation anyway. Heck! marriage is the important thing in life, anyway!



Come Another May

By

KATHARINE NUTT

DOGWOOD, wisteria, judas-tree, magnolia, azalea, myrtle, and now most beautiful of all flowers—the rose. Your beauty is akin to the divine—you are the flower whose delicate finesse none can rival—you are inimitable in your satin shades of white, yellow, pale pink, deep pink, red, and yes, the very color of rose itself. You signify the zenith of the spring and challenge the coming of summer with her scathing, drying, withering sun and heat.

Yes, I think as I watch you red roses blowing in the breeze, I must marvel at your glory even as another once marvelled at the glory of the lily in the field. Superbly pretty and dignified flower, you hold me entranced. Yet while I gaze at you . . .

Petals trickle softly and steadily toward the ground—one by one, two by two, in groups, but always dropping and gliding noiselessly. Rose, no longer perfect, your glory is now but loveliness. Soon your very heart will be scattered abroad. How transient a thing is beauty . . . how evasive . . . how very brief.

Rose, soon you will lie in utter decay. Your charm goes even as does the loveliness and beauty of all this earth. All happiness passes away. The rose goes even as our happy college days go; even as our world goes—drawn to the loadstone rock of death, destruction, and error. What can beauty avail if it is so brief? What can happiness avail, or even courage? These things pass away, yet they do not take with them the horrors of our world—the battlefields and the war-shocked oceans. These things remain. These things seem to be permanent.

How many roses I have seen fade and drift downward into bits. . . . Come another May . . . again there will be roses. And there is something more lasting than that which is with us always. What can be more permanent than that which, having been absent for a time, does not fail to return—to reign a little while in another year. With the roses will come also myrtle, azalea, magnolia, judas-tree, wisteria, dogwood . . . come another May.



The Shower of Blessings

By

BETTY COLLINS

THE rain came suddenly—without warning or announcement by the wind.

The birds were so joyous that they chirped and twittered even while the heavy drops of water splashed hard against their heads and backs. They sat with spread wings—cocking their heads first on one side and the other.

The dry clods seemed to sizzle and sting as the cool water hit their parched soil.

The grass, dry and brittle, turned green and alive again as if by the touch of a fairy's magic wand.

The weary foot traveler lifted up his hot, troubled face and smiled while the fresh, beating rain washed away the uncomfortable perspiration—from his forehead, his cheeks, his chin. His steps quickened as he remembered how far he had yet to travel before nightfall. And then he whistled a merry tune as

his feet rhythmically stepped in time to the millions of raindrops.

The cow, so fretted by numerous flies, trotted from the thin shelter of a cedar tree and openly greeted the shower. She stretched her neck, and swished her tail, licked her sticky nose—she seemed to say “the world isn't so bad after all.”

Even the cat—the one animal who hates to get wet—scampered out in the midst of the downpour to a half-filled horse-track and lapped the cool water greedily as if she feared that it would vanish as miraculously as it came.

And we who sat within rejoiced to think of the tiny seeds that would soon burst with sprouts.

The rain slackened its running pace; it walked a few minutes as if it dreaded to leave the place it had revived. The trees shook their aprons of green leaves and the shower was over.



Convocation Address Mary Washington College

[April 29, 1942]

Delivered by

DICE ROBINS ANDERSON

I HAVE been asked by Dr. Combs in his absence to speak at this convocation on some theme which I think would be of interest. I could, of course, talk on some historical or literary subject, or some topic peculiarly related to my own educational or professional life. However, I really think that it was his desire, as it is mine, that I speak in terms fitting to the patriotic appeals which are closest to our hearts at this time. I am, therefore, going to talk as a plain American about things that we Americans are interested in and, of course, I am talking as an American residing in a college and particularly concerned that we who live in the colleges play our proper part.

We are speaking at probably the most critical time in our American history—a time when all that we hold dear is at stake. We are so used to our own quiet and comfortable ways that it is difficult for us to comprehend that we should be in a situation in which our own ideals and interests are so seriously involved. But when we give thought to the situation as it has developed and contemplate the purposes and powers of our antagonists, we realize that our country itself and our democratic ways of living are in genuine danger. We realize, too, quite keenly that it is our friends throughout the world, most of

whom have ideals and purposes common to our own, who have been overrun by cruel conquest or find themselves in the gravest of danger. Indeed, we live in a day when apparently all the inherited best that has come down to all peoples is in jeopardy and we know that the manner of our conduct will determine the conclusion that will be reached. We stand today in one of the most momentous periods in human history and at a time when all of us of every station and of every age and of every personal interest are bound to give most serious thought to our responsibility. If any of us, young or old, do not have that feeling now we should get it as soon as possible. At any rate, it will come to us all sooner or later and will shape our lives in many intimate details.

Last night I heard the address of President Roosevelt made to the American people and heard throughout the world. He described for us the situation on all the fighting fronts—in China, in Australia, in the southwest Pacific, in the Near East, in Russia, in western Europe, on the high seas—where men of every nation are grappling in most heroic combat. He told us that our own American men are in every part of the globe. Already hundreds of thousands of them on land, on sea, in the air, are

fighting bravely a battle which neither they nor we have sought, but which neither can avoid. He told us in graphic terms of the heroic spirit and achievements of these men and related to us most grippingly the stirring stories of individuals who have already immortalized their names in this desperate and epoch-making conflict. As I listened, of course, I felt a thrill at this account of the courage of these men, mostly young men, many of them but a little older than those young people whom it has been my pleasure to teach and whose friendship has been the delight of my life. But as my heart beat faster at the description of such heroism, I had something of a sick feeling, a great feeling of humility and, indeed, of self-reproach. These men were doing something, these men were heroes, these men were the nation's soldiers and—what was I? And then came in the President's speech a description of my part. He told about the calls that would be made on you and me. He said that many things that we had been used to we would have to give up or have in more limited quantities. He said that a larger portion of our incomes would be taken in taxes and that we would be expected to subscribe a considerable fraction of what was left to government bonds. Without equivocation he gave some conception of changes and limitations that would come about in the lives of us civilians. He made it clear to us that without us these heroes of land and air and sea could not do their courageous part, that without us there could be no tanks, airplanes, and equipment for our soldiers, sailors, and

airmen, and that there would be too little for those of other nations with whom our destiny is now coupled.

I could see very well that life for me and others like me would soon be on a different plane, and yet I did not feel discouraged or downcast. I really felt jubilant and was thankful to God for that. I, too, am to have a part; I, too, am necessary; I am essentially a soldier. My country is giving me, too, the privilege of helping decide the great issues of the present and the future. Without me and those like me who probably could not carry a gun or march or do the other soldierly things that hundreds of thousands already are called upon to do—without me they could not do them either.

The other day with thousands of men about my age I went to town to register. I had to give my age, my name, my address. I had to place myself in a position where I might possibly be called upon for some essential service. I felt again that I was being given a great privilege, that I was being enrolled selectively. As far as I could be, I was being made a soldier in the great army of America, I was being given the privilege of feeling that I counted for something, amounted to something, was really necessary in helping the nation solve its wartime problems and meet the foes of our American life and democratic conceptions. This, then, is the situation. All of us are in the army now and our attitude should be that it is a great privilege which we have and that we should feel greatly humiliated if we had no part and if all the responsibility should be on the armed

forces scattered to various corners of the world.

This, indeed, is an heroic age. Everybody, of course, in America would have been glad to avoid this war and I think our statesmen did all that honorable men could do to keep us out of this conflict. I think, too, all of us will be glad when the work to which we have now been called is done and the war is over. But I must honestly say that I am prouder of my country because of her part in this war, however desperate it is and however much we regret that it should come upon the world. There have been times when I was not so proud of what was happening in America. I was not so proud of that time when after gallant fighting under most able military and idealist civilian leadership, we saw through to victory the last great war and hoped that we had saved the world and democracy. We had arrived at a place of leadership among the peoples of the earth. I was not proud when we deserted our post of responsibility, when having won the war we surrendered a peace, when having fought successfully the battle we acted in such a way as to make more readily possible future conflicts such as we now experience.

I was not so proud when a little later I saw Americans gorging themselves with luxury and wealth, when I saw our people making a god of comfort, worshipping material things, assessing life in terms of material conveniences and possessions and turning their backs on all inherited personal and national ideals. I was not proud of

that fat, luxurious, flabby, materialistic era.

We are proud of times that try men's souls. We are proud of the times when we give something, when what we hold dear costs us something. We are proud of times like those days long ago when our forefathers, just a few millions of men along the Atlantic Coast, fought for the independence of our nation and died and bled to attain it. We are proud of that era when a few, wiser than the rest, wrote out our institutions of government in faith, under criticism, dreaming and looking forward to the years that were yet to come. We are proud of that day when the covered wagons crossed the plains, the streams, and the mountains, carrying adventurous men and brave women with few and humble possessions out into the West to carve out from the wilderness in the midst of sacrifice, privation, and danger, a great American empire. We are proud of the stories of what occurred on the very hills on which this college is located when animated by different points of view, but equally sincere, an army of brave men attempted to ascend these heights which were defended by an army of equally brave men and where men died by the thousands in heroic dedication of life itself to the principles in which they believed. What matter now the differences that separated them. All that matters is that they believed something enough to die for it and that they left us, their descendants, the immortal heritage of their sacrifice and their courage.

We who are alive today and those millions whom we represent have been in the position of inheritors. We have received from those who preceded us what we have. We are like the heirs of rich men, their children who have inherited their wealth, and comforts, and opportunities which others have created. We have inherited our country, others created it. Now we have got to save it. We have got to enter into it. In a sense, we have got to create it. In a sense, we have got to do in this generation those things which our forefathers did in '76 or '61 and those who pioneered to build up this great estate which is ours, but in so doing we will make it ours. We will not be merely inheritors. We will be creators; and, now that we realize that, we may understand America better. We have gone through a cynical, critical, neglectful period. We have emphasized the defects of our country and our government, and though we are not unaware that there may be many imperfections and things that need to be done, yet, now that we are in the danger of losing our American way, how small to us are those defects and how great are the glorious merits of our nation. We have inherited our democratic institutions, our freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, the right to participate in the management of our government and in the formation of its policies. Our democratic institutions are not perfect nor do they work perfectly, but how superior now we know our democracy is to anything else the world has to offer. War, and the need of

sacrifice, and our sense of responsibility have cleared some of the film away from our eyes and enabled us to see clearly now what possibly we have seen only dimly before. It now is our democracy that we not merely inherited, but we must protect, cherish, and enter into, and we become creators of democracy itself. It becomes ours—our precious possession. Thank God that we can do something for democracy and America which have done so much for us.

I stand here as a college man among college people. I am proud to be a college man; I am proud to be with college friends. I have lived on a college campus practically all my life. To me a college is the greatest place in the world and college friends the greatest treasure on earth. We college people have been singled out for lives somewhat sheltered and saved from many sordid things and many pressing obligations, but we too now have our part. We have the special privilege now of contributing to the protection of our common aim. We have the special privilege of definite services which many here are rendering. We have the opportunity of accepting cheerfully whatever self-denial we may be called upon to bear. We have the special privilege of helping to maintain the morale and spirit of all the people. We are called upon to do our present work well, to do it better, to do it more seriously, to avail ourselves of every facility that is peculiarly ours. We have the obligation to make ourselves in every way capable in body, mind, and heart to meet such

responsibility as we will have to meet and to utilize these present glorious chances for our development.

We particularly are fitted and called upon to think about the world that is to be, to prepare for our part in the world that is to come, a part which the great majority of those in your generation, the young people, will have the chance to play. It is our privilege to help form a public opinion in our community, our nation, and the world that will enable this great country to administer her responsibility in the world after the war—a mighty responsibility which we will have. It is our job to keep the college strong, alert, and true, to make it a place where people can build their lives and shape their ideals, where men and women value faith and courage and religion and self-sacrifice

and service more than they do things, and where they rejoice to serve in this momentous day. Where those here gathered are glad to equip themselves day by day faithfully and honestly to lead this nation and this world to success in this war and then to a just and lasting peace. We believe in a new world in which democracy must be the privilege of all men. We believe in the practicality of dreams and poetry and faith. We think that men can create a world in which war will surrender to brotherhood and friendship will dominate, where bloodshed and hatred will give way to mutual helpfulness and goodwill.

To these ends, in the language of our forefathers, we college people pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.



Deception

By

ELLA HASTINGS BANFORD

As I consider
All that I've lost and the little I've earned,
All I've forgotten and the trifle I've learned,
I lower my eyes
And hang my head in shame.

As I realize
How little I've worked and how hard I have played,
How little I've progressed and how far I have strayed,
A guilty shadow
Crosses my once proud name.

I have no right
To shake my empty head or ridicule,
To sneer with contempt the wayward fool,
Who from the path
Of stronger men has strayed.

For who am I
But a tiny elf in this world of strength and power,
A midget on the ground beside the smallest tower?
I shall begin
To mend my eyes, betrayed.

I'll put my colored glasses on a shelf
And get acquainted with myself.

All Out For . . .

By

FAY FLETCHER and BETTY COLLINS

"**T**HERE goes that cow bell and I haven't finished writing my philosophy," moaned Doris.

"And my hair's not up—light bell always catches me," echoed Joan.

"I wonder how Kay is making out air spotting?"

"I don't know, but I hope that alligator doesn't get out again."

"An alligator?" exclaimed Doris.

"What's going on? Is it time to get up yet?" mumbled Sue.

"You always miss everything, you ole sleepy head. Who ever heard of anyone going to bed before light bell?" questioned Joan.

"But tell me about the alligator," demanded Doris impatiently.

"Why, the other night about two o'clock when everything was quiet and dark, Hugo (that's the alligator) got the sitter's cramp and started wandering over the greenhouse. It so happened that someone had forgotten to latch the door, and Hugo came out. About that time the fuse blew out and Hugo had his fun—in the dark!"

"Golly, what did the poor kids do?" asked Sue, a little breathless.

"Silly, they shrieked, and immediately the whole population of Willard Dorm was poking out the windows. Policemen, housemothers, and night watchmen all came to the rescue.

"What happened to Hugo?" Doris wanted to know.

"He walked off the edge of the hot-

house roof right into the creek below," ended Joan.

"I guess the air spotters do have a time. You sit for hours sometimes without even an airplane hum. Kay said yesterday that two girls were so eager to report their first airplane that they called in a buzzard."

"Aw! let's don't talk about it. No stockings, no tires, no gas, no sugar —"

"What do you mean, no sugar?" interrupted Joan. "Every time Bob's on a furlough, there's no shortage of sugar for me."

"Soldiers—ugh," groaned Sue, "the other day when we were the 'tireddest' from trying to march according to given commands, a group of them stood on the edge of the campus—shouting such encouraging remarks as, 'Put 'em on K. P. for a week,' or 'We'll have your uniform sent right over. Uncle Sam needs such soldiers.' My feet and legs were so sore I could have bitten them in two."

"The trouble with this war is that it takes not only our best beaus, but also our favorite profs. Gee, don't you miss 'em? I guess Dr. Charles' Philosophy Class will never forget his awful puns. Even that last day he said good-bye with, 'When I get in the Navy, remember me and purl harder'."

"Muffle that laugh, Joan; I hear Mrs. Bessket coming down the hall."

Thus the last bull session of room 442 Westmoreland was adjourned.

AUSTRALIA*
March 28, 1942.

DR. D. R. ANDERSON
Mary Washington College
Fredericksburg, Virginia.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR ANDERSON :

I am in receipt of a number of most interesting letters from Mary Washington girls. I wish I could write each one a personal letter. As I am somewhat busy at the present time, I am compelled to forego that great pleasure. Will you kindly read them the enclosed letter and ask each one to accept it as a personal, individual letter?

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) DOUGLAS MACARTHUR,

*General, Commanding the Combined Allied
Forces in the Southwest Pacific.*

Dear girls, who wrote the lovely letter—
Pardon, I've never read a better—
I'm also glad you're in college,
Spending your hours in seeking knowledge.

The country needs your mind and soul,
If she's to reach her noble goal.
So study hard and do your best;
You've work to do in East or West.

Develop strength and power and skill,
Your hearts of gold, emotions fill;
These things your country wants always:
In time of war, in peaceful days.

I'm glad you've studied Grant and Lee,
Soldiers and men admired by me.
Let's you and I whate'er we do,
Like them have faith and courage, too.

I've been for months on far Bataan,
Defending soil American;
Surrounded by my soldiers true,
Beneath our flag, red, white, and blue.

We've fought the Japs with all we've got,
Defeat for us—that's all forgot.
Backed by the fort Corregidor,
Our men will stand forevermore.

Now I've been called to far Australia;
We're giving not a thought to failure.
We'll meet on land, in air, or sea,
The grinning Japs, though strong they be.

Your letter comes to let me know
You're with me now where'er I go.
Go on and read your parallel.
I'll beat the Japs—and now farewell!

* EDITOR'S NOTE: In the place of *History Parallels*, Dr. Anderson had his classes write letters to General MacArthur stating their views on public affairs and to add a touch of reality, Dr. Anderson himself wrote the above letter and poem, supposedly from General MacArthur to the Mary Washington girls.

"For Country and For God"

By

NANCY CLAIRE WATKINS

TWO uniformed men, with the unmistakably nonchalant air of American soldiers, wandered into the cathedral and passively took possession, just as they would have done had they strolled into the corner drug store back in Glendale, Ohio, or Midville, Virginia. "Yes, you could always tell an American soldier," the musty keeper thought, "they all seemed to have that unimpressed expression—like a Persian cat or a peacock on exhibition."

"Some dive, ain't it?"—from the younger of the two with the two stripes placed conspicuously on his left sleeve to denote his rank of a corporal. This was, if the keeper had but realized it, the very acme of praise and commendation expressed in the choice but brief and simplified form of so-called American slang.

"Yeah, some dive!" his companion agreed, "bet it cost 'em plenty." The ever-present respect for the mighty dollar had been heightened and intensified, as has always been the case, by war.

They continued their progress around the "dive," pausing now and then before some bright-stained glass window or some grotesque statue which caught their eye. So much of its beauty, of course, escaped them, for they could not grasp an understanding of this magnificent structure built by the sweat and blood and sacrifice of men to a

God who, because of the limited horizon of their little minds, could not comprehend His ways, but wished to express their love and admiration in such a manner as this; so strange that understanding so all-encompassing in God cannot leap the bonds of geography and space, for man, isn't it?

The Americans finally stopped before the statue of the well-known French patriot and saint, Francis of Navarre.

"Well, look at grandpa!"

"Do you suppose he wore that beard to hide his false teeth?"

"Could be! Of course, they didn't have razors in those days."

"Why do you suppose they sculptured him in his nightshirt?"

"Don't know; maybe he liked to sleep late in the morning."

"And maybe he's just modest and wants to hide his muscles."

"What's he up here for, for Pete's sake?"

Corporal Patterson laboriously translated from the French as he used to read back in the sixth grade the story of "The Wolf and the Fox" from Metcalf's Sixth Grade Reader:

"To St. Francis of Navarre, who, though a priest, with exceeding great valour, did lead the French forces against the Celtic barbarians in 600 B. C. In this last gory battle of

Navarre, St. Francis lost his life for country and for God, but saved his country from the destruction of its lands and the killing of its people."

"And he's supposed to be a nice, peaceful preacher too. What do you suppose the church thought of him cutting up like that?"

"I reckon they thanked him and gave him the key to the city! What a man! I'd like to see him fight Joe Louis. Bet he could beat him to hamburger meat!" And though St. Francis might not have appreciated American slang, perhaps he recognized the compliment and chuckled over the prospects of beating poor innocent Joe Louis "to hamburger meat."

And so Corporal Patterson and his friend walked out of the church after many respectful *adieux* to St. Francis, who must have been "a swell bird," despite his long nightshirt and his beard.

That night our heroes were assigned midnight patrol duty along the line. The moon was hanging majestically in the sky like a tremendous but somewhat dimmed and aged chandelier, and the enemy lines as viewed from the far corner of the strongly fortified underground fort stood out boldly against a sky flecked with little foamy waves of clouds. There wasn't a chance in a million of an enemy raid tonight!

Corporal Patterson and his friend couldn't understand why or how they went to sleep. It was kind of like breaking one of the Ten Commandments to go to sleep on the watch; perhaps it was worse—army rules are so materialistic. Anyhow, one minute they were awake and the next they

weren't, and that was all there was to it.

All at once, Corporal Patterson was awakened by a light tap on the shoulder. In the blinding light which seemed to descend from the very bowl of heaven itself stood a great towering figure, the figure of Saint Francis of Navarre! His robes flashed and glittered and his eyes seemed lit by a thousand fires from within. He pointed toward the enemy lines with his sword that seemed to dart and strike like lightning and with a voice, which reminded Corporal Patterson somehow of some music he had heard once from some opera called the 'Ride of the Valkyrie' by a guy named Wagner said, "My son, you are in danger! Look to your watch in the name of your country and your God."

Before Corporal Patterson had fully awakened, the vision had vanished. In its place remained only No-Man's Land with dark, silent figures crawling, crawling over its limitless sinister space.

A somewhat dazed Corporal Patterson sent in the alarm that night and fought through the bloody darkness side by side with his company. His companions still tell of his intrepid exploits that night. They also tell, with an assurance, that "the poor kid was out of his head"; how he kept muttering about some guy named Saint Francis warning him of danger and saying something about "for country and for God."

"He sure was a peculiar guy that last night!" they said, shaking their heads sadly.

Corporal Patterson's widow back in Denver, Colorado, got the thrill of her

lifetime when she was given her husband's Cross of Valor. The flowers and the guns and the soldiers were too much for her. Why she tuned up and cried when the general pinned the medal on her and said that Bill had died for country and for God, she never would know. That was so silly when she knew good and well that Bill

just happened to get in the way of a bullet just like any other soldier that got killed.

And Bill up in heaven smiled down at his wife and turned to wink at Saint Francis. Both men, who had died "for country and for God," then turned back to their interrupted game of checkers.



When I Was Very Small

By

ELLA HASTINGS BANFORD

I used to go to bed each night,
Tired out by play,
Knowing that Mother would softly come
And kiss my cares away.

I used to kneel at night beside her
To say my childish prayer,
Knowing no matter how simply said
It would be heard up There.

When I bumped my head or scraped a knee,
Pain with a kiss disappeared,
With a tender smile she brushed away
All that my little heart feared.

Oh, how I wish she could now erase
These tears from my heart and all—
That I could believe the way I did
When I was very small.

At Eventide

By

ALBERTINA CHRISTIAN

THE hymn, "Day Is Dying in the West," expresses a very beautiful sentiment. It vividly sets forth a picture of indescribable beauty. No one, not even the most famous of our artists, can paint the sunset as God portrays it. Through this realization, human beings are drawn closer to God.

As the eventide approaches, the beautiful colors in the spectrum shade imperceptibly into each other, heralding the rosy sunset hour. The picture is very moving. Streaks of gradually deepening tones of primary colors spatter the sky and culminate in a burst of brilliant red, gold and blue. The scene portrays a sequence of blues from pale tints to deep ultramarine, while the red increases in depth from rose to

burgundy. The approach of twilight is showered with designs containing these reds, yellows, blues and sparkling silver.

The ball of fire gradually sinks lower and lower behind the pines on yonder hill, and it forms fanciful patterns as it throws forth its golden rays between the limbs of the melancholy trees. Finally, all that remains is a small memory, the afterglow.

The songs of the soothing night then drift along on the air. The soft, distant twittering and chirping of the robins, bluebirds and little jenny wrens may be heard as they gently put their young to bed.

A feeling of tranquillity descends upon all "while twilight gently pulls its curtain and pins it with a star."



Assurance

By

LOIS E. HAINES

God is Love—
The words sing to me
More than I can tell.
It means there is room for all,
And life is good and free.
God is Love—
I am positive of this.
It takes nothing from you or me,
It means everything for all.

At Last I'm A Working Girl!

By

ROSE ORTS GONZALEZ

I GOT a job! Now some people get "positions" before they finish college—no work and lavish pay with the opportunity of meeting fascinating companions thrown in as an extra. But *me*: I got a job! And if you know the difference between a job and a position you'll understand what I mean.

The first day I worked I learned that though God might protect the working girl He doesn't provide her with a downy cocoon. Decked in new shoes, a nice *tailored* dress, and giving all outward appearances of the answer to an employer's prayer, I presented myself to my future employer. He eyed me somewhat skeptically because he couldn't quite understand why a college student should want to work in his cafeteria. But with my sister-in-law to vouch for my sanity, I was duly employed and instructed to return for work at eleven o'clock. I was elated! The first step toward being a career woman had been taken.

Twelve o'clock found me smiling cheerfully and serving bread to what seemed the whole of Richmond. It was a very simple process. All you had to do was learn the shapes of the breads asked for and hand them across the counter. Of course, when you got a customer who asked for a poppy seed when he really wanted a Chinese roll you ran into difficulty. The first few times I was very obstinate and gave

them exactly what they asked for, no matter how they might protest, but I found that a customer gets quite upset when you cross breads with him. The best procedure is: hold up one of each kind until he nods his head at the one that fits his heart's desire. He may regard you as a case for the psychopathic ward, but you at least keep him in a good humor.

It wasn't until after lunch, however, that I was introduced to the real work. Our line of food service closed and we all went downstairs to prepare the fruits and vegetables for the next day. Not me! Someone had to wash the walls; who was better elected than the newest girls hired? So two of us climbed on chairs and started to work. With each drop of soapy water on my new shoes my heart sank lower and lower. This wasn't my idea of the correct beginning for a budding career in dietetics. I almost quit then and there.

As time went on I graduated from the very simple bread counter to the more complicated vegetable service. Here you had to fix up the special plates with the vegetables people asked for and hurry them along a long line all in a split second. Have you ever seen a long line of people held up because Susie Smith can't decide if she wants gravy on her potatoes? I often thought as I stood there and waited for some mastermind to make the momen-

tous decision between beets and carrots that on the payroll of every cafeteria should be one able-bodied policeman to stand by and keep repeating, "All right, brother, don't hold up traffic. Step it up."

After I had been working several weeks I was put on the breakfast line. Just try getting to work at 6:30 every morning when you know everyone else in your family can sleep until 7:00 and you'll understand how much better it made me feel. And to top it off, I had to make toast! The capacity of the toasters was eight slices, and when breakfast was really going well, I had orders for twenty slices at a time. The first morning I worked I burned both arms on the toaster. I must have looked awfully grim that first morning because when we were nearly finished serving an elderly gentleman came over and asked me if I was angry with someone.

That was one of the best things about my job—I met so many people—nice and otherwise. The old customers always made you feel they were glad to see you. To them you weren't just a

robot on one end of a serving spoon. Then there were the customers who never could find anything they liked—they would look on a most tempting array of food, stick their haughty noses in the air, and say they couldn't find a *thing* to eat. They were the ones that I could have thrown things at. In the same class belonged the "late comers." You never minded if, when people came in late, they were willing to take what was left, but they usually demanded everything that wasn't on the menu.

My job was fun, though, in spite of hard work, heat and queer people. It certainly taught me to control my temper, for when I was irritated to the point of throwing mashed potatoes all I had to do was say, "Now, now, Rosy, not here. You'll lose your job." So if you want to learn to control your temper, get a job in a cafeteria and you'll either be out of a job in a day or you will have some control over your feelings. Then you can say proudly as I do, "I'm a working girl!"



Japan Considers War Necessary

By

JEAN APPLIGATE

I'M sure we all agree that Japan started this war with us. However, we'd all like to know why. Why did she? Was it necessary? Apparently it was.

It is necessary for the Japanese to believe that war, in spite of destruction, is noble; and that through it they will not only attain an important place in the world, but gain the land and resources that will bring prosperity. Will they ever learn that true prosperity can be achieved and maintained only through trade and friendly cooperation with other nations?

Obviously, Japan lacks foresight. She doesn't seem to realize that the "rising sun" will not shine so brightly when the dark spirit of depression casts the shadow of its wings across the earth.

Yes, Japan lacks foresight! But she is the type of foe who is most deadly, for she has only one goal in view, and she knows that what she has set for herself must be attained. It is a life and death struggle; for, although Japan may be considered short-sighted, her leaders have spent enough time in contemplation of this man-wrought chaos to realize that they must put everything into this fight. Japan cannot afford to lose — but remember — neither

can we! We cannot afford to allow them further victories.

Japan has not yet learned, but surely we have! If we haven't, the process is being quickened. The knowledge that every Japanese move has behind it a tale of thorough and lengthy preparation must teach us that though we can shout, "Japan has not learned—she can't do this!", we must meet fire with fire, sword with sword. We must prove to Japan the folly of her ways. The unscrupulous, ruthless, bold, and brilliantly imaginative tactics of Japan are proof enough that mere words will not sway her from her deadly course.

And so, the news that American planes have slashed at the great cities of Japan has exhilarated and excited this country. We have learned that we must go into action—that action which speaks louder than words, for that action will cause the crumbling of the Mikado's empire.

The tide is turning; our wings of vengeance are wending their way to the heart of that country out of which pours death and destruction bound up in hatred and tied with the rope of ignorance.

Japan is now hanging herself with that rope; for, you see, she considers war necessary.

To The Seniors

By

ROSE ORTS GONZALEZ

YOU'VE finished four years of college; you've fulfilled the academic requirements for your college degree; you can stand proudly before us and say, "I have a B.S. in music or B.A. in French." And yet does that represent the best things you've gotten from your college career? Not really. It doesn't mention a thousand things.

There is no reference to that first bleak morning of your freshman year when you faced the world practically alone—just you and hundreds of other girls whose names and faces were unfamiliar. It doesn't say a word about your sudden realization that someone else might be just as lonesome as you, and that you went out of your way to be friendly. Nor does it even hint at the way you changed small, irritating habits to make yourself more congenial to your roommate.

No one would know from just the words "B.A. in English" the struggle you had getting your work done instead of going to the College Shoppe for fun. Nor would they suspect that you had

at last used your mind to do some thinking of your own. They wouldn't guess that you had formed standards and ideals for yourself—that now you know what was required of you in your role as an American citizen in an American community.

And where is there any mention of the freshmen, sophomores, and juniors you have befriended; of the hours you have spent cheering up some homesick classmate; or the time and responsibility you have undertaken as a good member of the student body of Mary Washington College?

There is no hint of the dances and beaux and flowers and fun that have been yours—of your own light-hearted laughter and cheerful acceptance of even the hardest task.

To the world a B.S degree may mean just another steppingstone toward the attainment of a good position, but to us who see you go forth and receive your diploma it means you have spent four years with us giving your best, and being your own charming selves, and we thank you for it!



The Importance of Being Consistent

By

LOIS E. HAINES

WE all agree that there is a war on and that we should be prepared to meet any emergencies that may arise from it; but we are not consistent in our efforts to challenge the enemy. Our spasmodic attempts at doing something show that we do not really see the importance of our efforts. The girls on the hill have transport squads, first aid squads, air spotter duties, telephone duties and any number of other units which they have started in cooperation with the larger efforts of the nation. But really, we must be more consistent in fulfilling these duties if they are a sincere preparation against war in the states. It is hard to get excited about something that has not happened or in which we see no immediate danger. And so it is plain, our minds are not prepared as yet for these duties we are undertaking. We must prepare our minds—see the significance of carrying on faithfully whatever we are engaged in. Even if we find no actual situation for using what we have learned, the lesson in discipline is of excellent value.

For instance, one of the responsibilities Mary Washington girls have shouldered is that of watching for airplanes. Every hour out of the twenty-four some girl or girls has been signed up to watch. And some assistant has been assigned to see that these girls report for their duties. These tasks are done voluntarily in connection with the United States Army. However, the negligence shown on the part of some girls who have asked for these duties is certainly not a record to be proud of, to say nothing of what the army would think of such irresponsibility. I could cite other instances where negligence has been shown, but that is not necessary; the important thing is that we realize now that what we have been doing is haphazard; and that we do something before we are caught in the midst of this partial indifference. Just think what your efforts mean in connection with the whole. If you have air spotter duty, report! If you have a meeting of your aid unit, go! Above all, know why you are going! Be glad you can do something!



Air Raid

By

MOLLY McKEAR

A DISTANT hum . . . far away, almost inaudible . . . then louder, nearer came the winged fighters. A rapid crescendo grew into a deafening roar. Petrified with fear, the creatures on the ground stood dumb-founded. Then quickly recovering, they scrambled madly for their holes of safety; but they were not quick enough. The invaders swooped down again and again on their startled victims until all were dead. The flying horde climbed upward and off to another objective.

This time their arrival was not so unexpected. As they drew near, defenders came spiralling up to meet the challenge. Their defense was gallant, but in vain, for overwhelmed by superior strength, they were all forced

down and slaughtered. Drunk with power, the invaders continued on their mad flight of destruction.

Again and again this happened. Finally all the defenders died one by one, and the attackers grew stronger on their ill-gotten gains and sighed for "new worlds to conquer."

Meanwhile, far above were two mysterious figures—one holding a bright light in his hand, the other a dark bag, both shrouded in sombre veils. They sat and watched the whole episode.

Silently they descended, unobserved by the invaders. As they drew near the ground the silence was broken. "It's those wasps again, Sam. Unless we protect the rest of the hives, we won't have any honey this winter."



Dear Mother

By

BEULAH SPAIN

DEAR MOTHER:
Another Mother's Day! I find myself trying to decide how to tell you a lot of things I'd like for you to know—how much you mean to me. No card can say how all the feelings of my life are woven into my memory of you.

The smell of a rosebud wet with dew . . . the scent of cookies from the kitchen . . . the slam of a screen door . . . the laughter of children's voices . . . that is you. The lace curtains on the window . . . the buzzing of a sewing machine . . . the quiet of a sick room . . . that is you.

Do you remember the day Thomas came home in his new baseball suit?

You saw him coming down the long dirt road and your face was beaming with pride as you stood at the door, waiting to greet him.

And the time I got a bad grade on deportment . . . the way you frowned! Do you remember?

The way you rushed to have meals on time—and smudges of flour still left on your face as you sat down to the table. I remember how at night the way you sank down into that easy chair with your tired hands resting in your lap.

It's been so long, but I still remember, and since I'm now a boy of sixty-eight I'll soon see you again, Mother. Will you remember me?



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